dress): " Where is it going to stop ? " and that perhaps in consideration of the fact that it could affect a mere child disagreeably, I ought to alter my business !

I had known dear Mr. Dodgson for years and years. He was as fond of me as he could be of any one over the age of ten, but I was *furious. " I* thought you only knew *nice* children," was all the answer that I gave him. " It would have seemed to me awful for a *child* to see harm where harm is; how much more when she sees it where harm is not."

But I felt ashamed and shy whenever I played that scene. It was the Casket Scene over again.

The unkind *Bl&ckwood* article also blamed me for showing too plainly that Portia loves Bassanio before he has actually won her. This seemed to me unjust, if only because Shakespeare makes Portia say *before* Bassanio chooses the right casket:

> " One half of me is yours—the other half yours----------
> *AII yours/*[9]''

Surely this suggests that she was not concealing her fondness like a Victorian maiden, and that Bassanio had most surely won her love, though not yet the right to be her husband,

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil/' and the criticism made me alter the setting of the scene, and so contrive it that Portia was behind and out of sight of the men who made hazard for her love.

Dr. Furnivall, a great Shakespearean scholar, was so kind as to write me the following letter about Portia :

" Being founder and director of the New Shakespeare

Society, I venture **to** thank you most heartily for your most charming and admirable impersonation of our poet's Portia, which. I witnessed to-night -with a real delight. You have